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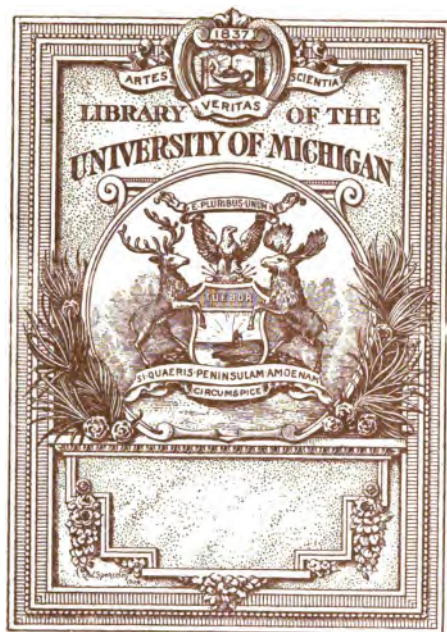
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Lyrics of the Dawn



Lyrics of the Dawn



Books by Mr. Scollard



IN VERSE

PICTURES IN SONG
WITH REED AND LYRE
OLD AND NEW WORLD LYRICS
GIOVIO AND GIULIA
SONGS OF SUNRISE LANDS
THE HILLS OF SONG
A BOY'S BOOK OF RHYME
SKENANDOA
THE LUTES OF MORN

IN PROSE

UNDER SUMMER SKIES
ON SUNNY SHORES
A MAN-AT-ARMS
THE SON OF A TORY
A KNIGHT OF THE HIGHWAY
THE CLOISTERING OF URSULA

Lyrics of the Dawn

by
Clinton Scollard



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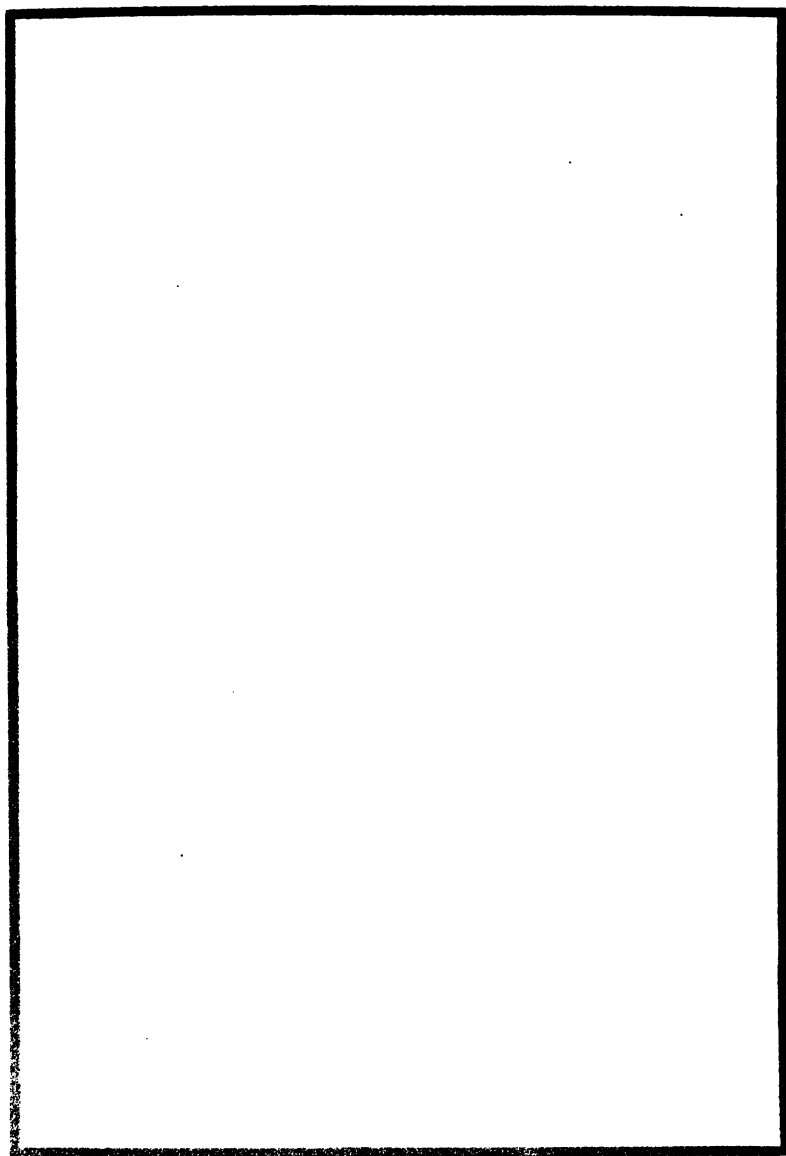
J 3-16-05
*From sunrise shores, from poppied slopes, are drawn
These clustered lyrics of the Lands of Dawn.*



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Contents

HAMMERIZERE	Page 11
AT THE TOMB OF ABEL	13
A SONG OF SIDON	17
A SYRIAN NIGHT	19
FROM A MINARET	21
THE BARQUE OF DREAMS	24
SONG OF THE NARGILEH	26
A LEBANON IDYL	28
IN PHILISTIA	30
SUNRISE ON SINAI	32
AT EPHESUS	34
ONE DECEMBER	35
THE WIND	37
THE ANEMONE	38
THE STIRRING OF YOUNG DESIRE	39
TWILIGHT SONG	40
AT THE GOLDEN HORN	41
SONG OF SELIM'S SWORD	42
THE ROSE OF JERICHO	43
ORIENTAL SERENADES	44
IN GALILEE	45
MOHAMMED'S HILL	46
THE MISER	47
IN THE TIME OF THE ROSE	48
A COIN	49
MAY IN UMBRIA	50
THE COUNT OF MIRANDEL	52
GUIRAUT, THE TROUBADOUR	57
A BALLAD OF HALLOWMASS	60



Hammarizere



THERE 'S a city called Hammarizere,
In a lovely land that I will not name ;
Where all of the round of the ruling year
As a summer mere the skies are clear,
And only the flowers of life take flame
From the great white sun in the dazzling dome ;
And though dew ne'er gathers and rain ne'er falls,
There are waters that circle the shining walls,
And break into bubble and toss into foam
Round the city called Hammarizere.

There 's a city called Hammarizere,
Where every gate is jeweled with jade
And opal, shimmering sphere on sphere ;
And the mounting pinnacles, each a spear
Of welded marble, swim from a shade
So tenebrous that the nightingales
Sing all day long their love-despair, .
Making amorous the emerald air
With the passionate burden of their tales,
In the city called Hammarizere.

Hammarizere

There's a city called Hammarizere,
And they that dwell there never know
Aught of folly or aught of fear,
Aught that's desolate, aught that's drear,
And are never touched by the sting of woe.
Zither and lute and viol leave
The luring rapture of their spells ;
And the lore of love into canticles
Forever the lips of the poets weave,
In the city called Hammarizere.

There's a city called Hammarizere ;
I have fashioned it out of dreams, you say,
With the glow of its glamorous atmosphere,
And its roofs uptowering tier o'er tier
Into the heart of the azure day.
I have builded it out of dreams ! — what then ?
Forsooth, it is sometimes well to bide,
With care like a garment cast aside,
Away from the words and the wiles of men,
In the city called Hammarizere !



At the Tomb of Abel

IN the fair bloom-burst of the Syrian spring,
As Allah's buckler, the irradiant sun,
Behind the crest of Anti-Lebanon
In majesty was slowly westering,
Through oleanders and through tangled thyme
By a sharp slope we set our feet to climb
To where, so runs the ancient Arab tale,
Cumbered with centuries of dust and grime,
Hangs Abel's tomb above the mountain vale.

We waded poppy shallows ; saw the breeze
Make sanguine waves of the anemones ;
And in the faint green orchard aisles below
Beheld the almonds spraying into snow ;
And ever, as we rose, descried afar
Peaks, hued with violet and cinnabar
And purple, — dyes imperial for dower ;
Now did the lovely lupin lure, and then
Were we enraptured by the cyclamen
That from some cranny thrust its fragile flower.

At the Tomb of Abel

So up and up we clambered, and the air
Grew amethystine, like the wondrous wine
Crushed from Zantean grapes in vineyards where
They blush above the blue Aegean brine.
Forgot was every hyssop-saffroned shrine, —
The riot of the roses of Fayûm,
The revel of the Jordan's pleached greens,
The glamoured gardens of the Damascenes,
Amid this lavish opulence of bloom.
And still went with us from the tuneful throat
Of Barada the ear-enthraling note
The olden Greeks called golden; while the groves
About it flung along our tortuous trail
The heavenly voice that through the gloaming
 roves,—
The seraph song-speech of the nightingale.

At last we won to steps deep-hewn in stone,
Eaten by lichens, and by moss o'ergrown ;
And, having scaled the topmost, saw a small
Dome-fragment pendant from a toppling wall
Draped with fantastic relics, — cloths whose stain
Was bleached by burning suns and dimmed by
 rain.

Beneath the wall a melancholy mass
Of ruin lay, sparse-sown with wilding grass
Wherethrough the lizards rustled, changing hue
With every shift of shape ; now steely blue ;

At the Tomb of Abel

Now ashen as an ancient olive bole ;
Now, in the sun-flame, glowing like a coal.

Anigh the tomb in silence we reclined,
While from the west a wafture of soft wind
Caressed us soothingly : afar, below,
In gathering gloaming spread the green plateau
Wherefrom we had ascended. Though our mood
Had been elation, soon the solitude,—
The thought of the first tragedy of earth,—
Banished our buoyance. Then a note of mirth
Rose as a bird-song rises when the dawn
Bursts into blossom, and the night is gone.
And 'neath us o'er the flower-besprinkled space
A youth strode, lilting with alluring grace
An Arab ditty such as wooers breathe
When Love's clear planet, at the shut of eve,
Across the wastes of desert flings its spell,
And maidens gather round about the well.

He seemed a part of the year's bourgeoning ;
Human, yet having all that makes the spring
Take hold on the affections ; — blithesomeness,
Beauty of form that through his shepherd's dress
Shone, and a vigor in his step and swing
Faun-like and passional. His cloak hung free ;
One bare arm timed a ditty's dips and stops,
Waving a crook wherewith, half dreamily,

At the Tomb of Abel

He swung the grasses and the blossom-tops.
And so we watched him through the closing shade,
Along the pathway dipping toward the glade
Pass whitherward his grazing flock had strayed,
E'en as did Abel long aforetime, fain
Of all life's rapture, ere the stroke of Cain.

Cain !— on our minds again, despite the song,
There fell the shadow of the world's first wrong ;
And lo, the while we marked the perfect poise
Of that elastic figure,— very joy's
Embodiment and portraiture,— our gaze
Was horror-smitten, deadened to a daze,
For we beheld a dark form, leopard-like,
(Grim murder, lurking in a copse's maze,)
Behind the shepherd crouch, and spring and strike !
The song that soared ecstatic to the sky
Turned, on the instant, to a strangled cry.
The braided bough-crests at the valley's verge
Gaped, and then mingled in a crashing surge
Of shuddering leafage, while the copse again
Shut from our sight the treacherous son of Cain.
Then sudden dipped the sun, and, clutched by
gloom,
Downward we plunged from Abel's crumbling
tomb.

A Song of Sidon

HER pageantry parted from her, she sits by
the sobbing sea
Begirt by the green of gardens where the bloom
of the citron tree
Attars the too-brief twilight with its heavy spicery.
Never the great-oared galleys ride in from the
ocean's rim,
Laden with store of treasure from the utmost
isles and dim ;
Never the homing sailors lift skyward the thank-
ful hymn.
Never the morning's splendor strikes slant upon
crowded quays ;
Never the blaze of noontide to gold burns the
marble frieze ;
Never the planet of lovers lights the rose-twined
balconies.
Never from outland places do the strange-faced
merchants fare,
And fill with their curious chaffer the girth of the
market-square,
Envyng Sidon's riches that once were the world's
despair.

A Song of Sidon

No more do the maids at midnight to the rapt
Astarte raise,
Through the noiseless plash of the moonshine,
their paeon of prayer and praise ;
No more do the youths to Thammuz vow wor-
ship all their days.

Aye, perished the pillared places, the towering
and templed heights,
The garlanded sacrifices, and the old tumultuous
rites,
The revel of wine and music through the pas-
sionate pagan nights !

Once she was queen of cities, though now but a
memory,—
A wraith of the time departed through all of the
time to be,—
Sitting sad in her fallen splendor by the bright
Sidonian sea.



A Syrian Night

THE night hung over Hebron all her stars,
Miraculous processional of flame,
From the red beacon of the planet Mars
To the faint glow of orbs without a name.

The jackals held wild orgy 'mong the hills,
From slope to slope their cries shrill echoing ;
Until we yearned for the sweet peace that fills
The home-land valleys on the eves of spring.

About us we could mark the olives stir,
As the wind rose in frosty puffs and jets ;
And far below, from out the purple blur,
We saw uprear the great mosque's minarets.

There, sepulchred for centuries untold,
The bones of Isaac and of Joseph lay ;
And brodered cloths of silver and of gold
Were heaped and draped o'er Abraham's crum-
bled clay.

A Syrian Night

Strange, ah, how strange this shifting life and
death !

Ne'er was the thought more deeply on us borne
Than where these patriarchs once drew vital
breath,

Loved as we love, and mourned as now we
mourn.

Others will come as we, and see, and pass,
And vainly strive to pierce beyond the bars ;
But none shall read the mystery, alas,
Till night o'er Hebron cease to hang her stars !



From a Minaret

FIRST was a gateway, arched and graven o'er
With curious characters of Koran lore ;
Next came a court looked on by cloistral aisles,
Laid with alternate white and sapphire tiles
That glistened dazzlingly whene'er the sun
Flung a gold beam obliquely thereupon.
Then, on a pillar's inner side, a door,
And spiral stairs deep-hollowed by the tread
Of dead muezzins, mounting o'er and o'er,
That Islam's prayer-call might be duly said.
Within the cavernous space abode grim night,
Save where a slit, whence scarce the gaze might
win,
Let here and there a fainting daybreak in.
So up we clambered, till we felt the height
Swim dizzily about us through the stone :
And then, at last, when the thick murk had grown
Breathless, and peopled with black shapes un-
known,
Lo, on a sudden, Allah's throne sublime,
Stainless as truth, imperishable as time !

From a Minaret

Not on Mohammed, when he had his will
Of visional rapture from his fabled hill,
Burst there more earthly beauty. E'en as he,
We marveled speechlessly if there could be
In paradisaal ways a lovelier scene.
Beyond the roof-tops, burned to coppery gold,
Shimmered and shook long wave on wave of
green
Rose-sprinkled as with sunset, where the flowers
Of the pomegranate bourgeoned, in deep bowers
Fountained and alleyed. Calm and clear and cold,
As is some monolith of polar ice,
Cinctured with pale auroras, southward showed
One monarch mountain-peak its crown-device.
Here gleamed a pool of turquoise, and there glowed
A minaret, twin to that wherefrom we gazed ;
Doves circled like great burnished snowflakes ;
hazed
With hyacinthine vapors, lay afar
The mystery of wide deserts stretching sheer
To where for centuries the midnight star
Has dreamed o'er Babylon on its crumbled bier.

From a Minaret

Allahu Akbar — "God is great !" — Each day
Five times this soul-cry wings its downward way
From the muezzin's lips. We, swept with awe
At the irradiant vision that we saw,
Before we turned to seek the graven gate,
The holy thought gave echo, — "*God is great !*"



The Barque of Dreams



ONE night, upon the Barque of Dreams,
I voyaged into the Orient,
And with me, as a pilot, went
A tall and turbaned Mussulman
Whose eyes had wondrous starry gleams,
And who from out of El Koran
Wove me weird tales wherewith he blent
Soft snatches of Arabian song,
The while we smoothly slid along
Before light gales of jasmine scent.

The sails were hued like mother-pearl ;
In radiant sweep and rainbow swirl
The water 'neath our keel slipped by
While overhead there hung a sky
Where clouds, in little snowy curl,
Floated and fledted waveringly.

We coasted beaches where the palm
Stood up in purple silhouette ;
Where ever, in a silvery psalm,
The hidden birds kept chorsing,
And streams afar flung jet on jet
Down heights bright-raimented with spring.

The Barque of Dreams

From many a marble minaret
We heard the rapt muezzins call ;
And to the prayerful cries my guide,
During each trembling interval,
With reverence serene replied.

We sighted terraced islands where
Colossi brooded still and strange ;
And sphinxes, with mysterious stare,
Crouched, pondering on death and birth,
And all the miracles of change
That mystify the sons of earth.

And, at the last, methought we came
To piers of burnished jasper-stone,
Round which the water made no moan,
But rippled into ecstasies ;
And all the land was lit with flame
Of very joy, each spot the same.
Then suddenly my guide seemed one
Whom I had loved beneath the sun, —
A woman of celestial guise.
“This,” murmured she, “is Paradise !”
And forth we stepped upon the shore,
Hand locked in hand, in worship wise,
And there abode for evermore.

Song of the Nargileh

Bubble! bubble! bubble! bubble!
I allay the sting of trouble!

NIGHT with all its virgin stars —
Hosts of radiant light — has come;
From the byways and bazaars
Low has died the jar and hum;
Softly do the zithers weave
Little rhapsodies of eve;
Faintly doth the tympanny,
In the poplar groves, set free
Broken bits of melody.
Sound doth lull the sense, but I,
More than e'en the nightingale,
When the south winds whisper by,
Can avail!

By the banks of Barada
Roses in a riot run,
Fair as ever saw the Shah
In the Gardens of the Sun!
On the midnight they exhale
Wafts that trance before they fail;

Song of the Nargileh

And the citron sweetens all,
With its breath ambrosial,
As its snowy petals fall ;
Odors soothe the sense, but I,
With a sorcery subtle-sure,
More than scents of Araby
Can allure !

Set thy lips, then, unto mine,
While, like beads the Faithful tell,
The star-litten hours decline
Toward the dawn's rose-miracle !
Latakia wreaths divine
Round thy brows shall drift and twine ;
Peace shall hover like a dove ;
Thou shalt know the glamour of
Paradisa! tales of love !
Kin unto the vine am I ;
Spells that evil genii know
I, with my white magicry,
Can o'erthrow !

Bubble! bubble! bubble! bubble!
I allay the sting of trouble!



A Lebanon Idyl

ABOUT the middle of the morning-time,
From Zebadani's orchards, in the prime
Of their fair flowering, on an upward way
I sauntered blithely ; poppies sued "delay !"
And lupins, blue as are the Syrian skies,
Said to me "tarry !" with their pleading eyes.
Along the glade a little wind there came
Caressingly, with many a south-soft name
Upon its lips, and one sweet world-old tale,—
How love, despite all hindrance, will prevail.

So I went onward, musing many things ;
And all about me flashed and flushed the spring's
Divine unfolding,— wave on blossom-wave
To where gaunt cliffs, with sharp escarpment,
gave

A jostle to the pathway. Soon I saw
In the smooth-sweeping eastward slope a flaw,
A sudden hollowing, as though some force
Of under-earth upon its quaking course
Had here worked havoc. Striding to the edge,
I marked a spring close-girt by greening sedge,
And slim white poplars, each a swaying wand,

A Lebanon Idyl

Beneath which sat two lovers hand in hand.
In her I viewed a budding vernal grace ;
In him youth's fervor both in form and face ;
She seemed as fresh as the anemone,
And he as supple as the willow tree.

Their talk ran low, as did the gurgle of
The hidden fountain, murmuring of love ;
Look answered look, and vow replied to vow,
As did the bird-notes on the shielding bough ;
And were there kisses ? — soothly, who should
doubt !

For what were love in Arcady without ?
Where strayed her lambs ? No tithe of heed gave
she !

Where fed his goats ? An unripe fig cared he !
And so they dreamed that paradise was won,
While over Lebanon climbed the morning sun.

Unseen I slipped away. Again mine ear
Heard the wind's burden, low but passion-clear,
Still voicing fondly the same world-old tale, —
How love, despite all hindrance, will prevail.



In Philistia

THE leaves of the olives waver and whiten
In the breeze that inland blows from the
sea,

While the umber sand-dunes burn and brighten
Under a sky that is shadow-free.

Roving specks on the wide waste places
The few flocks seem 'mid the lupined grass ;
Only the sons of the desert races
Over the ancient pathways pass.

While Ashdod dreams 'mid its cactus-hedges,
And Gaza dozes among its palms,
Ascalon looks from its lean shore-ledges
Without a beggar to whine for alms.

Gath, stone toppled from stone, is crumbled,
Scourged as though by avenging rods ;
Ekron, pride of the plain, is humbled,—
Little more than her ruined gods !

Glory ! — can it have here had dwelling —
(Love and hatred and sorrow and mirth !)
Where to-day are sweeping and swelling
The lonelinesses of primal earth ?

In Philistia

Was it here that Samson the pillars parted ?
Here did David a triumph win ?
And did royal Richard, the lion-hearted,
Battle with Saracen Saladin ?

Aye, but how in the vast of distance
No note is made of the great or small !
Merciless Time, with his still insistence,
Weaveth an amaranth shroud for all.

Sky and sun over blown green grasses,
The dirging sea and the heaping sand,
And the slouching Bedouin who passes,—
Such is the lone Philistine land !



Sunrise on Sinai

BACK rolled the billows of the gulfs of night,
But still the silence circled us. No sound
Swept upward from the valleys. Opal, gold,
Then vermeil burned the sky-line, and the sun
Burst, with its blinding glory, from a cloud.
And still the silence ! — All the vasts of time
Since Moses stood alone upon the mount
Were as a moment. Face to face were we
With the Divine, with the Inscrutable,
And in that awesome, heavenly quietude,
Though no voice spake, heard His eternal word.

Like islands in an ocean vague and weird
Around us poised, pyramidal, the peaks ;
The fleecy cloud-waves, palpitant like wings,
Rippled in harmonies of pearl and rose.
Then came a sudden wafture from the west,
And 'twixt twin crests that royally upreared
The shimmering vapors pressed and poured and
plunged
And seethed like an aerial Niagara,—

Sunrise on Sinai

Leaped adown mighty voids that gloomed and
gaped,
Shattered on hidden bastions, and in wreaths,
Ethereal shapes, and forms attenuate,
Returned and swirled about us like a host
Of visitants celestial, and were gone.

Again the sun in majesty ! and now
Earth with its features multiform, and far
Below, with sapphire scintillant, the sea !



At Ephesus

"GREAT is Diana !" Ah, the mockery
It seems to-day, the old Ephesian cry!
Beholding what a waste the highways be,
And how downthrown the mighty temples lie.

On shattered columns build the storks their nests;
Stealthy as fate the slinking jackals prowl;
Where poured the plaudits at the actor's jests
In ghostly irony declaims the owl.

The silt of centuries chokes the harborage;
And where the pharos beacons from the
height,
Guide to great galleys, weighed with outland
wage,
Now broods, unchallenged, immemorial night.

Nothing the vision rests upon reveals
The temporal grandeur that once here had
birth;
And, gazing on the desolate scene, one feels
How mutable are all the things of earth.

One December

NOW that the year unto its close is rounding,
And sleet slants down the breeze,
My mind across the perished past is bounding
As leaps a ship across the racing seas.

It is once more that magical December,
Void of the north wind's stings,
And lighted by Romance's quenchless ember,
When first I drank the Orient's golden springs.

Again I leave the land of Pharoah's daughter,—
The long, low umber dunes,—
Embarking on a waveless waste of water
Beneath the most inviolate of moons.

I see it, like a lovely lotus, lying
Upon night's placid pool,
And hark the flapping of flamingoes flying—
Faint scraps of sunset—through the ether cool.

Scarce seems the black bulk of the vessel shifting
So soft we glide along.
While dreamily adown the deck comes drifting
The liquid ripple of Levantine song.

One December

Thus am I borne unto a goal elysian
Across sleep's shadowy bar,
To find, at waking, burning on my vision,
From out the east, an iridescent star.

The shepherd's star — not broader and not brighter
The sages saw it shine ! —
Now grows the hill-notched sky-line swiftly
lighter ;
'Tis Christmas morning over Palestine !



The Wind

FOR name he had The Wind,
This steed of the Nedjidee ;
And all must lag behind
When forth sped he.

On whatsoever he trod,
Rock-slope or desert dun,
Or the oasis sod,—
To him 'twas one !

High noon, or heart of night,
Never his master's cry
But brought the gleam of flight
Into his eye.

That was but yesterday,
And now, and now, alack,
To the kind word no neigh
Gives answer back !

Men !—yea, there shall be men
Of great and little worth,
But ne'er The Wind again
Shall bide on earth !

Hence is there mourning long,
And garments rent,
And ne'er a note of song
In Nedjid tent !

The Anemone

SANGUINE flower,
Nursling of the Syrian sun,
Blooming for a fragile hour
Where the Banias waters run ;

On my heart
You have taken steadfast hold ;
In your splendor you are part
Of the chivalry of old.

On my eyes,
Seeing you, the leaguers' tents,
With their silken streamers, rise
Around Acre's battlements.

As of yore,
Flash the sword and scimitar ;
Cross and Crescent meet once more
In the gory shock of war.

For a space
Glows the vision, and is gone !—
Of the warriors ne'er a trace,
Only you still blooming on !

Spring by spring,
As your crimson flower appears,
Runs a new remembrancing
Of their battles down the years.

The Stirring of Young Desire

IT'S O for the stirring of young desire,
And I know where I would be
When the kindling touch of the sun sets fire
To the red anemone !

There's a glade where the orchards reach
The rugged hills between,—
Where a warm flush mantles the cheek of the
peach,
And the ruddy nectarine.

And there, with a wilding grace,
One goes with a water-jar,
With never a veil to hide her face,
And eyes like the evening-star.

She speeds to an ancient well
Where the green leaves weave a mist,
Where the vows low-whispered none may tell,
Or the lifted lips that are kissed.

And so when the sun's bright fire
The red anemone thrills,
It's O for the stirring of young desire,
And that glade in the Syrian hills !

Twilight Song

DIPS the flaming disk of the sun
Into the bosom of Lebanon ;
Now that the blossoms of twilight fail,
Hark to the nightingale !

Sinks to silence the clash and jar
In the heart of the great bazaar ;
Swiftly gathers a violet veil ;
Hark to the nightingale !

Up from the minaret's crest to the sky
The late muezzin flings his cry
To the earliest planet twinkling pale ;
Hark to the nightingale !

And deep in the gardens, where the scent
Of the rose and the jasmine-flower is blent,
The lovers turn from their whispered tale,
And — hark to the nightingale !

At the Golden Horn

THE sunrise cry from many minarets
Floats down the Maytime morning clear
and cool,
From Asian shores a bland breeze westward sets
And stirs the almond trees of Istamboul.

As on the mosques the first rays slant-wise shine,
And golden glory floods the gloomy gray,
The city of imperial Constantine
Uplifts her weary lids to greet the day.

The torpor of decay upon her lies ;
Her heart is palsied though her face be fair,
Though still majestic to the changeless skies
Aya Sofia rears its dome in air.

What though the fitful glow of life seem warm,
There broods a fatal apathy o'er all ! —
It is the hush that bodes the breaking storm,
The calm that comes before the final fall.

Song of Selim's Sword

DEEP in the ancient bosom of earth
The marvelous ore that gave me birth
For ages slumbered, awaiting the flower
Of the perfect and predestined hour
When, fused by the vital force of fire,
I should shape to a thing for man's desire.

By many a hand was I gripped and swung
Where the press of battle raged and rung ;
And ever, although my gleam was fair,
Death hovered where I was poised in air ;
But I never tasted the wine of bliss
Till Selim grasped me and claimed me his.

At his touch am I like the lightning made,
And the fiercest foemen flee, afraid ;
Deeply his vengeance-lust I slake ;
Safely he sleeps, for I ever wake ;
And I kindle and thrill with more than pride
When he clasps me tightly and calls me bride !

The Rose of Jericho

WASTE is the sacred shore ;
The Moab mountains frown
Above it bleak and brown ;
No more, alas, no more,
Towers any lordly town
Anear the sacred shore !

The riotous red bloom
What hands now pluck and twine
From off the coiling vine ?
Through the green-shadowed gloom
Untouched I see it shine,
The crimson-lippèd bloom.

I pluck you, glowing flower,
I set you in my rhyme ;
Breathe of your balmy clime ;
Grant me one orient hour
In wan, chill winter-time ;
Be my perennial flower !

Oriental Serenades

I

THE flush has faded from the mountain
brow ;
Hearken, Zuleika, to my true-love vow !
The evening's violet vesture folds the vale ;
Hearken, Zuleika, to my true-love tale !
There burns the lover's passionate star above ;
Hearken, Zuleika, hearken unto love !

II

Rose of the fair rose-garden, O my Rose,
Answer, I pray thee, for my heart's repose !
Dies on the air the last muezzin call,
And khan-ward now the weary pilgrim goes.
The fountain murmurs ; soft the south wind
blows ;
It is Love's hour, as every lover knows ;
I cry to thee ; cry thou antiphonal,
Rose of the fair rose-garden, O my Rose !

In Galilee

ONCE more, once more the immeasurable air,
Without a vaporous shred to blur the
view !

Once more the mountain breeze, the globes of
dew,
Each with its prisoned rainbow, full and fair !
Once more the bird-song, rising like a prayer,
And Galilee's still sea, a floor of blue !
Once more the hollows and the heights He
knew
Who long aforetime hoped and suffered there !

And O once more wave upon flowery wave,—
Vetches and lupins and anemones
That merge and mingle till they seem as one !
And over all, as when He came to save,
Pouring its golden wine that hath no lees,
Majestic, the inextinguishable sun !



Mohammed's Hill

ABOVE the plain whereon Damascus lies,
Girdled by verdurous gardens, lifts a hill,
Bold, barren, rugged, like some form of ill,
Sprawled 'neath the sapphire of the Syrian skies.
Hither, 'tis said, when o'er his enemies
Mohammed had in triumph wrought his will,
He came and stood, that he might feast his fill
Upon what seemed to him a paradise.

Deep-fruited orchards, never touched by dearth ;
White domes and minarets, radiantly rare ;
Waters that shone and shouted in their mirth ;
Yet from the hill the Prophet would not fare,
Lest, having trod a heaven upon earth,
He miss the one in blest celestial air.

The Miser

BY night he sits and gloats upon his hoard,
The treasures of far lands ; fine fabrics
spun

On looms beneath an oriental sun ;
Rugs whereupon proud viziers have adored
At the muezzin-call ; strange trinkets scored
With delicate fret-work ; dazzling diamonds
won

Where Afric's wastes stretch desolate and dun ;
And perfect pearls profuse before him poured.

A golden glamour on the sumptuous sight
The lamplight casts, and the old miser's eyes
Tell how his soul is slave beneath the spell.
He does not dream, as half reclined he lies,
That just behind him stands, with falchion bright,
The summoning death-angel, Azrael.

In the Time of the Rose

NOW that the crimson rose is queen once
more,
There stirs within my heart the keen desire
To see the morning touch with golden fire
The slender minarets by the Pharpar shore ;
To tread the byways that I trod of yore
Amid the chaffering merchants come from Tyre,
Beyrout and Bagdad, and to hear the choir
Of passionate bulbuls at the night's dim door.

Thus doth the rose impel me, being kin
To blooms I plucked in gardens Damascene
In bygone days when all the earth seemed
fair ;
And through the dreams that I am tangled in
Glides one with her bewitching orient mien,
The rose of love red-woven in her hair !



A Coin

HEREON, about the noble brow, austere,
Showing Aurelius of the master mind,
Behold the imperial laurel intertwined.
Dulled by the earth; where many a speeding year
This disc lay hidden from the sunlight clear !
If the insensate metal could but find
Articulate utterance, like our human kind,
What tales of Roman glory we should hear !

Ponder upon the palms that it hath pressed !
Noble and bondman, princess, courtesan,
Haply for each it gratified desire ;
Perchance some emperor, for a jaded jest —
Commodus, clowning like a charlatan ! —
Flung it for slaves to fight for in the mire.

May in Umbria

*Say, O wander-lover, say,
What is May in Umbria?*

DAYS that never dim nor darkle ;
Nights that spangle, nights that sparkle ;
Dawns that flame with burnished splendor ;
Eves that melt in raptures tender ;
Noons that glow with sapphire burning ;
Singing waters seaward yearning ;
Shouting weir and liting shallow ;
Green on fertile field and fallow ;
Grain in ripples, grain in billows ;
Silvery poplars, silvery willows ;
Music-making contadini ;
Glossy curls and dark eyes sheeny ;
Nightingales in copse and clover,
Each a little lyric lover ;
Cuckoo-gossips never quiet ;
Blossom-revel, blossom-riot ;
Every breeze abrim with fragrance
From the hill and valley vagrants ;
Roses in the tangled coppice,
Privet, pimpernel and poppies ;

May in Umbria

Harebells, thyme in purple stretches ;
Vervain, violets and vetches ;
Stately corn-flags hued as fire is ;
Honeysuckle, orchid, iris —
Web as delicate and dear as
Ever Shah beheld in Shiraz ;
And through all, above and under,
Something moving like a wonder,
Something vigorous and vernal,
Evanescent, yet eternal !

*Such, the wander-lovers say,
Such is May in Umbria.*



The Count of Mirandel

*Said the Count of Mirandel,
"If it's truth that the Fathers tell,
(And who would question a priest?)
I am just as sure of Hell
As the Bishop is of his feast
When the long, lean Lent has ceased.
So, for a little leaven,
To ease my bed in Hell
I must filch somewhat of Heaven!"*

AT the mass he would not bow,
The Count of Mirandel;
And he stood with lifted brow
At the raising of the Host;
So the wrathful Bishop swore
By the Rood and the Holy Ghost,
And all of the saints as well,
He would brook the mien no more
Of the Count of Mirandel.

He was the doughtiest blade
That dwelt at the Bishop's court;
And you could not say his forte
Was the sword-thrust, or the dance,

The Count of Mirandel

Or the couching of a lance,
Or the witching way he played
The lute, or sang, or yet
The manner in which he made
Ballade and chansonette ;
For he did them all so well
Each seemed the veriest sport
To the Count of Mirandel.

One deathless creed he had —
The passionate creed of Love ;
And the shining text thereof
Was the Bishop's flower-like niece,
The Demoiselle Avice.
And, forsooth, his heart was sad
If the round of a day went by
When he might not feel the spell
Of the love-light of her eye ;
And she — no tongue can tell
How she answered sigh for sigh
To the Count of Mirandel.

Now into the Bishop's brain
There had drifted never a gleam
Of the love that bound these twain,
Or their golden summer dream
Had been closed by a dungeon-cell
Long, long before for the swain —
For the Count of Mirandel.

The Count of Mirandel

It chanced on the very day
When the angry Bishop swore
That the count, with his scoffing way,
Should darken his court no more
(Despite his pressing needs
Of a man of fearless deeds),
Gossip, the prying dame,
To the Bishop's chamber came ;
And if for the youth before
It had boded far from well,
Faith, now there was danger sore
For the Count of Mirandel !

Danger — it was no bar,
For he loved it next to Love !
He scented it afar,
As the questing hawk the dove.
He could gaze upon its face
With a suave and steady smile ;
He could meet it with a grace
That was cloak to a subtle wile.
He looked upon it now,
And his laugh rang like a bell ;
There was no cloud on the brow
Of the Count of Mirandel !

The Count of Mirandel

There came grim guards to his room,
With halberd and helmet plume ;
"In the Bishop's name !" they cried,
And entered. Naught but gloom,
And the casement open wide !
There was scurrying to and fro,
Clamor and torchlight's glow,
And the Bishop raged : "My niece,
The Demoiselle Avice,
Bid her be brought below ;
She shall answer, mark me well,
For this monstrous, mad caprice —
For this Count of Mirandel !"

Fate laughs at kings, 'tis said,
And it laughs at bishops, too !
To the roof-tree's very lead
The women, a trembling crew,
Searched all of the palace through ;
But they found no hair of the head
Of the flower-fair Demoiselle ;
And they told the Bishop dread —
(There was nothing else to do,
Though they shook as under a spell !)
"We fear, your Grace, she has fled
With the Count of Mirandel !"

The Count of Mirandel

*Said the Count of Mirandel,
Sitting within his tower,
To the lovely Demoiselle,
At the shut of the sunset hour,
" They had doomed my soul, Ma Belle,
(They who wield the rod,
So they deem, of the great Lord God !)
So, for a little leaven,
To ease my path to Hell,
I have filched somewhat of Heaven ! "*



Guiraut, the Troubadour

*Unto man, as in pain he plods,
Or, heart-light, hurries along,
The dearest gift of the gods
Is the love of love and song !*

UNTO the walls of Carcassonne
(Ah, how the sun that morning shone
Upon the walls of Carcassonne !)
In russet raimentry he came
Within whose heart love like a flame
Burned ever passionate and pure,
The while he breathed one flower-sweet name,
Guiraut, the gallant troubadour.

Unto the gate of Carcassonne
(Ah, how his blithe lips smiled upon
The warded gate of Carcassonne !)
As light of foot as Love he strode ;
The budding flowers along the road
Bloomed sudden, with his song for lure ;
And softer the river flowed
Before Guiraut, the troubadour.

Guiraut, the Troubadour

Along the streets of Carcassonne
(Ah, what a harmony fell on
The climbing streets of Carcassonne !)
 He swiftly took his singing way ;
 The little children ceased their play ;
Woe seemed more easy to endure ;
 Gay grew the sad, and young the gray,
To hear Guiraut, the troubadour.

Unto a keep in Carcassonne
(No sweeter voice e'er drifted on
That frowning keep in Carcassonne !)
 Anon the singer drew anigh,
 Whereout there floated melody,—
Song that is biting sorrow's cure ;—
 Then something godlike lit the eye
Of brave Guiraut, the troubadour.

Into a hall in Carcassonne
(Forsooth, hall never brighter shone
Than that in all of Carcassonne !)
 He made him bold to enter ; there
 Were men and maidens debonair,
And one so peerless and so pure
 She flowered more fair than all the fair
To glad Guiraut, the troubadour.

Guiraut, the Troubadour

Before that maid in Carcassonne
(Ah, never, never lovelier shone
A maiden's eyes in Carcassonne !)
He bared his head, and bowed him low ;
"Lady, the wilding winds that blow
Brought me this wondrous word for lure,—
To-day, to-day, they bade me know
You choose your heart's own troubadour."

Then rose a song in Carcassonne
(Now rose-flushed and now snowy-wan
The loveliest cheek in Carcassonne !)
Most marvellous, most magical ;
It caught her breathless in its thrall ;
And ah, how empty and how poor
All others seemed,—lord's, prince's, all,—
Save his, Guiraut, the troubadour !

Two lovers bide in Carcassonne
(Ah, happy sun, to shine upon
Such happiness in Carcassonne !)
And while they dream through life along,
No woe they know, nor any wrong,
The maid so peerless and so pure,
And he who won her love through song,
Guiraut, the gallant troubadour.

A Ballad of Hallowmass

IT happed at the time of Hallowmass, when
the dead may walk abroad,
That the wraith of Ralph of the peaceful heart
went forth from the courts of God,
Went forth from the paradisial ways, from the
paths of asphodel,
From the vistas veiled in a golden haze where
the souls of the sainted dwell ;
And as he passed he heard the peal of the
summoning trumpet blown,
And he saw the cloud of witnesses go wavering
by to the throne ;
And earthward swift on a tide of joy and love
he seemed to swim,
For he thought of the hour when his stalwart
sons should go to the throne with him ;
When they should stand on his either hand who
had been his pride on earth,
And know in the sight of the Living Light the
bliss of a second birth.

And so to the land he had called his own, to the
realm he had ruled, he came,

A Ballad of Hallowmass

Where, under the spell of his gracious sway,
grim war had been but a name,
Where the herds had strayed on the happy hills,
and traffic roared in the mart,
Where life had lost its cankering ills, for peace
had flowered in the heart.
But lo, as he looked on the harvest fields, on
the ways of the wide-wheeled wain,
He saw wild masses of marching men sweep
over the pillaged plain !
He saw no flocks on the great green slopes, no
kine in barn or byre,
But the sheltering thatch of the farmstead roof
licked up by the tongues of fire ;
And the women's groans and the children's
moans surged by him like a wave,
And the cloudy reek of plundered towns where
none was left to save.
Then on he pressed to the seat of power in the
crook of a broad sea bay,
Where, under the frown of the bastioned walls,
the lines of a leaguer lay ;
In he went to the tallest tent, and sat unseen at
the board
Where the fierce chiefs plotted the city's sack,
each chief with his barèd sword ;
He who sat at the council's head was the
leaguer's grimmest one,

A Ballad of Hallowmass

And the dead king looked in his fiery eyes and
knew the man for his son.
So forth he went from the tallest tent, by the
leaguer's outmost guard,
Till he came to the moat and the mighty keep
and the archway triple-barred ;
Not a warder's eye as he slipped by beheld the
wraith of the king,
And scarce, as he sped toward the castle gate,
did he meet with a living thing,
For Famine into the weedy streets had come as
a grizzly guest,
And down from the pallid window-panes there
peered the face of the Pest.
He glided into the castle court, and on to the
banquet-hall
Wherefrom there echoed a mirthful rouse in
iterant rise and fall :
He looked within for a little space, then shrank
him back from the door,
For he saw the face of his other son and a
painted paramour.

It happed at the time or Hallowmass, when the
dead may walk abroad,
That the wraith of Ralph of the peaceful heart
went back to the courts of God ;

A Ballad of Hallowmass

And a bitterer anguish than was his few noble
souls have known
As he saw the cloud of witnesses go wavering
down from the throne.
He passed to the high and holy place, and straight
to the feet of Him
About whom stand in a shining band the saints
and the seraphim :
“I pray,” he said, “that my soul may tread the
dark of the outer way,
That those I love may be borne above to the
light of the living day ;
Send thou my soul to the utmost goal of night
to dwell therein,
That they thereby may be raised on high from
awful pits of sin !”
But the Presence spake : “ Remorse shall wake
because of these words of thine
Within the breasts of the recreant ones ere
another day decline ;
And they shall win from the ways of sin, ere the
span of their lives be through,
Because of the love of a father's heart, and the
deed that thou wouldst do !”
And so from the time of Hallowmass, when the
dead may walk abroad,
The soul of Ralph of the peaceful heart abode in
the courts of God.